

## A Shared Trip

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Category: Hair

Genre: Friendship, Romance

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-07-05 09:14:11

Updated: 2012-07-05 09:14:11

Packaged: 2016-04-26 16:47:29

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,802

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Berger encounters Claude dropping acid and wants to make the trip something memorable for them both, it turns out to be very worth while in more than one way. Fluffy and smutty

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"Sheila, do you wanna be my girl?" He holds out the ring between shaking fingers, his father had given it to him before he left. Well, his father had left it on the desk in Claude's bedroom with a note that said "Ours is yours," it was the ring his father had worn Claude's entire life. It would probably only fit on Sheila's thumb, but the gesture was what counted he figured. He'd told the entire tribe the origin of the silver piece, proudly explaining that it meant his father would always support him. Her scoff was more than disheartening.

"I'm nobody's girl, Claude."

"You're|you're not?" This was not how he had seen this scene go down in the ice cream shop between his classmates and their girls.

"No. I'm my own womanâ€|" She trails off with a pitying grin, watching as he shoves the ring back on his finger in embarrassment, "You need to open your mind, man. Drop this." She presses a sugar cube into his palm and leaves him in the damp hallway. He brings it to his lips and takes it on the tongue, feeling it dissolve and waiting for it to take him over.

August had brought them hot, heavy, and long days to the big city. There isn't a breeze anymore, just a simmering heat that rises off the pavement and burns their faces as they tramp through the streets. Cheeks aflame, skin slicked with sweat, hair matted to their foreheads, they try to find shade under trees and relief from heat by stripping down as much as they can in public. The apartment shows proof of the heat wave as well. The pillows are tossed off Sheila's

denim couch, the beads are pulled back in hope of a breeze coming through the cracked window, and the people inhabiting it stay as close to naked as possible.

They walk around in their underwear, not minding the peering eyes of their neighbors as they bring out the trash or take breaks from the noise in the quiet hallway. That's often where Claude finds himself nowadays, in his old cotton boxers, leaning his back against the cool green wall with a cigarette in between his lips. Eyes closed, mind turned down, he can relax and just be rather than deal with the noise and chaos of peace happening in the apartment. Berger bumps into him there one day, surprised to see the thin man in what had been his private sanctuary for weeks now.

Claude feels the confusion and suspicion and feels himself straightening against the wall, suddenly conscious of his pale skin and bony chest, he wishes that he'd thrown on his shirt for once. Wishes that the acid he dropped would kick in so he could escape back into his mind. Wishes that Berger would just go back inside and fuck Sheila some more instead of leaning against the chipped door frame to stare at him. But Berger surprises him in the way only Berger can seem to, he reaches out and pulls the cigarette from Claude's mouth and puts it in his own, blowing smoke in the dimly lit hallway as he continues to stare at Claude.

"What're you doing out here?" Claude hears his weak voice and appreciates Berger's smirk, can't help but watch the way his long fingers drag the cigarette from his plump lips as he breathes a grey cloud at Claude's face.

"Taking a break from life."

"Here?"

"Yeah, what're you doing, Cladius?" Berger's eyes unashamedly scrape down Claude's chest as he takes a deep drag from the cig.

"I was smoking butâ€¦nothing."

"Waiting for li'l Suzy's parents to come out and yell at you again?" Berger jokes, growing close enough to Claude's ear to let his lips brush against the soft skin. Claude lets out a nervous chuckle, remembering the teenage girl who lived across the hall with her parents. A Beatles freak with blonde pig tails and a lollipop stuck between her lips, she found the tribe amusing but her parents did not find their "seductive ways" and "guitar music" conducive to Suzy's studying.

"Yeah, right, man." Berger is so close now that his muscular chest is resting on Claude's arm as Claude looks up at him, brown eyes searching green as Berger breathes smoke from his nose. With long, poised fingers he brings the cigarette down to Claude's thin lips and watches as he attentively inhales. The motion is so smooth and peaceful that Claude maybe thinks he's stuck in a bad trip, that Berger's face will soon warp into something hideous.

"Thanksâ€|" It echoes in his own ears as Berger grows closer, the hand with the cigarette resting above Claude's head as Berger presses him further against the wall.

"No problo, Claudioâ€|" His hot breath sends Claude spinning, reaching a frail hand up to hold Berger's cheek in a way to steady himself.

"Sheila told me what you asked herâ€|What'd Sheila give you?" Berger asks with a smirk, watching the way Claude's eyes blow out in amazement at the vibrations of his voice.

"Acidâ€|to widen my mind." Brown locks swing as Berger nods and Claude has to contain himself from reaching out to touch the silky hair. The air is still, the hallway is growing warmer and smaller as Berger leans in closer and presses his lips to Claude's in a cautious kiss. The sensation is amazingly warm and echoes over the rest of Claude's white skin.

"More." He hardly hears his own demand until Berger is grinning down at him, stubbing the cigarette out on the wood railing before returning to clutch Claude's face between his large hands.

"Close your eyes." Following instructions, Claude lets his eyes rest shut and waits for his lips to be claimed once again. This kiss is rougher but slow, Berger taking control with one hand clenching Claude's bony hip and the other tilting his head back to reveal his neck. He dips down, nibbling at the skin with hot lips as groans pour quietly from Claude's mouth. Claude's hips buck when Berger trails a hand down to rub at his growing arousal; he's seeing colors now as Berger pulls away with that breath-taking smirk.

"Let's go inside." Berger orders, gripping Claude's hand and pulling him back into the apartment. He lets himself be pulled to Berger's room, feeling Jeanie's jealous stare and Sheila's disappointed eyes widen as Berger doesn't invite her to come along. Claude is laughing as Berger presses him down into the bed, tugging the cotton boxers away to reveal his heavy cock. Claude's shaking hands reach out to touch and Berger's head falls back in a groan, Claude delicately strokes him as Berger thrusts into his hand. But soon his fingers are pushed away and his boxers are being pulled off, Berger's lips insistently kissing his thighs before taking Claude in his mouth and bobbing his head quickly. He feels like he's falling, Berger's mouth hot and steadily pushing him closer to the edge. Fireworks erupt behind his eyes as Berger pulls away and flips him over easily, teasing his entrance with his fingers.

"Are you ready, babe?" It's husky in his ear as Berger reaches over for lotion off the bed stand. Some able part of his mind has him nodding and the motion sends him into another dizzy spell, the bed is turning or Berger is turning himâ€"he can't tell, but everything is purple and light as he feels Berger pressing into him.

"Fuck." Berger's voice echoes over and over with each thrust, and he finds himself moaning right back. Berger trails his hand down then back up Claude's spine over and over, watching the goosebumps appear as Claude's body shakes from the impressions.

"You ok?" His breath is short and gravelly as Claude thrusts back onto him, a hand trailing down to pump his own hard cock as Berger places a hand on his shoulder to help press Claude back onto him.

"Uh huh, harder." Claude's voice is low and desperate, his back

pressed to Berger's hot chest. Berger's strong arm is wrapped across his chest now, holding him tight to keep him from faltering as Berger thrusts harder and deeper into him, his grunts short and steady in Claude's ear.

"I'm gonnaâ€|" He trails off as he's pushed forward onto his elbows, smiling as Berger grips his hips tightly and his shoving hips lose rhythm quickly. Claude pumps himself, feeling as if he's swimming in purple and blue hues, but still seeing yellow somewhere as Berger finishes in him.

"Shit." The gasp comes from behind him followed by a final few thrusts that send him over the edge, tripping into shakes of greens and reds. He falls onto a pillow of daisies, Berger's comforting kisses on his back like sweet sunlight in the growing room.

"Turn around, let me watch you fall." Berger's voice is somewhere in the distance, but Claude finds himself giving into him like he always does. Berger watches the beauty of the trip, Claude's eyes dancing in the light that fled in from the ratted yellow curtains, his fingers trailing across Berger's upper arm in amusement.

"How do you feel, Claude?"

"Openâ€|honest." Berger smiles and reaches to the bed stand, where he finds his paper and grass to roll a joint. He leans back against the headboard, Claude tucked under one arm watching the smoke rise from the roll as the sweat in the August heat. Berger tries to appreciate the silence and beauty of the moment, but his mind wanders to what he thinks of as Claude's ticking clock. Of how long he'll be able to do this for, of how long it will be until Claude leaves them. Maybe a few months at most.

"You are so beautifulâ€|" Claude mutters, falling asleep in the crook of Berger's strong, protective arms.

"You too, Claude. You tooâ€|" Berger reaches over and grasps Claude's thin hand in his own, before using his fingers to slide the ring off his finger. Berger holds it up to the light with a smile, the silver was darkened and far from shiny, but he slid it on his finger none the less. If Sheila was too busy being free to take Claude's gesture for the love that it was, then Berger would do it himself.

End  
file.